ANTI-PRIAPEIA:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO

Priapeia Presbyteriana,

OR THE

PRESBYTERIAN PEEZLE, &c.

ANTI-PRIAPEIA:

OR AN

ANSWER

TO

Priapeia Presbyterianæ;

OR THE

PRESBYTERIAN PRIAPUS, &c.

ANTI-PRIAPEIA:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO

Priapeia Presbyteriana,

OR THE

Presbyterian Peezle.

In a LETTER from the General Assembly of SCOTLAND, to their Missionary at LONDON, Intercepted and Paraphrased by *Ille ego qui Quondam.*

——*Pudet, hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli. Medea.

Printed in the Year MDCCXX.

ANTI-TRIAPTIA:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO

Principia Presbyterianæ,

OR THE

Presbyterian Poetics.

In a LETTER from the General Assembly of SCOTLAND, to their Ministry at LONDON, Intercepted and Examined by Me qui Quæsivi.

——Nulla Nec Syrtibus Nec

Fluctu pernicie, Cui non patuere ruinæ. Mel.

Printed in the Year MDCCXX.

ANTI-PRIAPEIA:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO

Priapeia Presbyteriana, &c.

The Text.

WITH woful Phyz, and doleful Greeting
Of *Presbytry*, at a full Meeting,
No less confounded and perplexed,
Than *Newgate Birds*, at their last Exit:
When to the People they Harangue it,
A little Space before they're hanged,

Exordium.

We let you Wit, our deareſt *Brother*,
That we are in a mighty Pother
About a Story, or a Ballad,
They *Preſby-priapeia* call it,
And us, the Godly, to diſpleaſe all,
They term't the *Preſbyterian Peezle*.
With which we are from *London* pelted
So that our very Hearts are melted;
The *Saints* ſhould have a Fellow-feeling,
And ſo have we in this your dealing.

Doctrine. We blame thee, not for thy bold Sally,
To *Drury*, or *Damnation-Alley*;
Nor for thy pious Zeal that ſtrives
To proſelyte thy Neighbour's Wives;

Nor for thy Diligence, each Morning,
To ſerve the Flock with *Charge* of *Horning*:
But for thy want of Circumſpection,
In not preventing the Detection.

What! tho' you longed for a *Raw-bit*,
'Twas in a manner but a *Flea-bite*.
To tell the Truth, 'tis what we all did,
It is well known we are not gelded.
It was no Crime in Mr. *Davie*,
Nor would in you, but for the *Spavie*;
Tho' you was one of *Venus* Martyrs,
And cloſe confin'd to Winter Quarters,
'Twas Venial had you but kept it
From ſuch as thus Abroad have whipt it;

For, *Si non caſte ſaltem cautè,*
Was our prime Maxim, and your Duty.

Uſe of Reproof. The *Patriarch* of *Piccadilly*
Should not have play'd his Cards ſo ſilly,
Not raſhly ventur'd out at random
In unknown Depths without a *C—nd—m.*
You might have Bellyful of Jogging,
Without the breaking of your *Noggin.*
And tho' you by Misfortune fell,
And crack'd your *Pitcher* at the *Well*;
You rather ought to be aſhamed,
Than thus unwarily proclaim it.

When you diſcovered your miſhap,
The Symptoms of a *Pox* or *Clap*;

As

As *Runnings*, *Bubo's*, *Blewbores*, *Shankers*,
Which round about your Thingum Hankers.
In Stranger's Hands you ought t' have fallen,
Who knew not of your Name or Calling,
And ſkillful ones, to ſave your *Tool*,
Ah! Brother, *Penny wiſe*, *Pound fool*.
It did not ſuit a wiſe Sojourner,
To truſt a *Tinker*, or a *TURNER*:
Or any other *Pettyfogger*,
With the demoliſhing his *Augre*.
The Conſequence might well affright ye,
The Matter dangerous and weighty;
On which (if not in time amended)
The Fate of *Presbytry* depended.

But

Use of Admiration.

But that which doth ſurprize us moſt,
Is thy Engagement with a *Poſt*.
Could neither *Virgin*, *Wife*, or *Widow*,
Allay the Rage of *Pin the Woody*,
That thy luxuriant ſportful *Taggy*,
Muſt tilt with *Poſt*, inſtead of *Peggy*.
What! Did you think that doughty *Driller*,
Could proſelyte a *Poſt* or *Pillar*?
We read indeed that Saint *Anthoine*
Had ſometimes preach'd to *Herds of Swine*;
And that he thought it not amiſs,
To hold forth to a *Flock of Geeſe*:
But never ſought by ſuch a Shock,
To proſelyte a *Stone* or *Stock*.

'Tis our Opinion, forſooth,
You better had confeſs'd the Truth,
Than move the Laughter of each *Tory*,
By ſo ridiculous a Story;
Now we (according to their Songs)
Convert more with our *Tails* than *Tongues*.

Our Maliceing light on the *Whore*, Epiphonema.
That firſt did catch the *Grand-Glengore*.
A curſe upon the *London Doxy*,
That poiſon'd *Presbytery* with *Poxy*.
Curſe on thy Management a-lack,
That did diſcover it to *Quack*.
A curſe on *Quack* the Renegado,
That firſt did make it his Bravado.

Curſe

Curſe on the Tongue that did reveal it;
Curſe on the Hands that did not heal it.
Curſe on the Quill, and what was in it,
That did ſo graphically Pen it.
A Curſe on him that firſt did hint it;
Curſe on the Preſs wherein 'twas Printed.
Curſe on the Tongues, and on the Feet,
That cry it up and down the Street.

We thought a Man of thy Performance,
In Conqueſt, might exceed the *Normans*;
For if thy Conduct in thy *Forrage*,
Had been but equal to thy Courage;
Then all the Hundereds of *Drury*,
Would ſoon ſubmit unto thy Fury;

And

nd not a *Molly*, or a *Maggy*,
ut what would tug for truſty *Taggy*.
he *Engliſh* Church, with all her Charms,
ould fly like Lightning to thy Arms.
he *Scarlet Whore*, had you but kiſs'd her,
ould ſoon become a *ſighing Siſter*.
hen would the Females of the Nations,
he *Turks* and *Tartars*, *Jews* and *Grecians*,
ock to thy *Synagogue* for ſhelter,
nd bow before *Priapus* Altar.
nd might do more, but for the *Pox*,
han did our great Apoſtle *Knox*.
hen might you crow, take more upon ye,
han did our Brother *Alberoni*;

And ſtrut it ſtoutly too and fro,
Grand Seignior in *Seraglio*;
And drop ane Handkerchief *de manu*,
Unto ſome Favourite *Sultana*.

Uſe of Lamentation. But now, alas! thou haſt undone us,
And all the World will plague and pun us:
The *Curates* into Taſk will take us,
And all our Friends and Flock forſake us.
We can no more reſiſt the *Steeple*,
Or blindfold the deluded People.
Now you muſt loyter, and lie Idle,
Having crack'd your *Nut*, or broke your *Bridle*:
And thy once celebrated *Wimble*,
Can now at beſt but *Barlofumble*;

Caſhiered

Caſhiered as an uſeleſs Thing,
Juſt like a *Drone* that's loſt its Sting.
The famous *Presbyterian Stallion*,
More ſtout and ſturdy than *Pigmalion*;
Is now become an *Auld gau'd Aver*,
Muſt go to *Chelſea*, and drink *Genevre*.
They can't deny you an Admittance,
Since *Venus* gives you an Acquittance:
Long have you ſerved in her Wars,
And you can ſhow prodigious Scars:
But now her *Champion* is worſted,
Since his great *Blunderbuſs* is burſted;
By which we're like to looſe much more,
Than we have gain'd by thee before;

Which ſerves for uſe of *Lamentation*,
To all the Godly of the Nation.

Uſe of Information.

The Fact appears ſo well atteſted,
And your Privado's have confeſs'd it;
So that the Matter's paſt Denial,
And heretofore had been in Tryal:
Beſides your Fellow-Partner *Butcher*,
Is an irrefragable Voucher.
What can be ſaid in thy Defence,
Againſt both Fact and Evidence?
And ſo, ſince what is ſaid is Truth,
Pray lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth;
For us indeed we would not wiſh you,
To put the Proceſs to an Iſſue.

But we're informed by laſt Pacquet,
That you have made a mighty Racket
About it; whereas, in a Word,
You do but tread in your own Turd:
How ſo? Becauſe, the more you tread it,
The more you'll ſtink, and further ſpread it.

As for the Author, we can tell you, Uſe of Inſtruction.
He is no deſpicable Fellow;
And his Deſcription of thy Battle,
Shews that he is a Man of Mettle.
How he transform'd, alas! poor Grub,
Your Preaching to a powdering Tub.
Nor could a *Jeſuit* or *Biſhop*,
A bawdy Story better diſh up.

To meet with him, upon our Charter,
You will at laſt, but catch a *Tartar*.

He knows our Myſteries and Maxims,
Our ſecret Cabala, and Axioms,
Our Politicks, and Artifices,
Our deep Intrigues, and hidden Vices;
Can harm us more with ſmutty Jeſts,
Than a Battalion of Prieſts;
And will lampoon us out of Credit,
Unleſs you ſpeedily remeed it.

Ah! Should he hear th' unhappy Noiſe,
That's made about Mas *James Bois*;

That

That other more unnatural Fire,
That has been kindled in *Kintire*,
Whoſe *Synagogue*'s become a *Sodom*,
Which does abaſh us *ultra modum*,
And now may turn to our Confuſion,
Tho' we ſuppreſs'd the Proſecution;
If this *Presbyt'ro-Maſtix* Waggy,
Should hear of this as well's thy *Taggy*;
'Twould make us curſe the Day we've ſeen,
A Maſter *James* from *Aberdeen*.
Another Story ſhould he ſmell it,
Might be the Subject of a Ballad;
Whereby we're ſhroudly charg'd with Witch-craft,
Black Necromancy, and all ſuch Craft.

And this Aſſembly, as we hear,
Will try this new Don *Major Weir.*

It was the People's Eſtimation,
That firſt advanc'd our Reputation.
They gave us all a *Jus Divinum,*
And ſtill maintain the *Chaos primum.*
What gain'd their Love, may prove their Loathing,
Tho' *Wolves* appearing in *Sheep*'s Cloathing,
'Tis ten to one but they'll deſpiſe us,
More than they firſt did Idolize us.
Should this young *Hudibras* thus taſk us,
And by thy Negligence unmask us;

Inſtead

Inſtead of Saints and only Heirs,
W' appear but painted Sepulchres.
Ah! Brother, Brother, then alas!
If Matters come to ſuch a Paſs;
It is a diſmal Sign a Fegs,
That *Presbytry*'s on its laſt Legs.

They ſay you'd give one Hundred Pieces,
('Tis pity but you had your Wiſhes,)
To know the Arch Malignant *Tory*,
That was the Author of the Story.
We are afraid do what we can,
That we muſt ſay, *Thou art the Man.*
'Tis our Opinion, dear Brother,
That all your *Thames* can never ſmother

This Fire that's kindled by thy Taw,
'Twill blaze the more, the more ye blaw.

Use of Exhortation. You ſay the Author for to puniſh,
That you will ſpend 200 Guineas;
'Tis but a meer Bravado, Brother,
To keep the wavering Flock together.
Take our Advice, and quit this Jargon,
You'll be no looſer by the Bargain;
'Tis this, inſtead of your Reſentment,
Careſs the Author to Contentment.
It is an eaſy Thing to do it,
He muſt be poor, ſince he's a Poet:
And who among the meagre Tribe,
Is *Piſtol-Proof* againſt a *Bribe*.

You have got Gear enough by *Taggy*,
And hoarded Thouſands in a *Baggy*:
O do not ſtarve the *good Old Cauſe!*
By which we've gain'd ſo much Applauſe:
Ah! Do not think we take his Part,
For we abhor him in our Heart;
And think him very bold and odd,
Thus to Blaſpheme the Man of God.
And he that would ſuch Things diſgorge,
Can be no Friend to good King *George*.
And yet thy Remedy of theſe,
Would be as bad as the Diſeaſe.
For if you ſhould Reſentment ſhow,
'Twould make him ten Times more your Foe:

He will not care a Fig, Pox rot him,
Though we ſhould Excommunicate him.
What? You will ſpend two Hundred Yellows
On *Pettifoggers*, *Courts*, and *Fellows*?
Whereas the half of what you'll ſpend,
Might make the Reprobate thy Friend;
One Hundred in our Eſtimation,
Would bribe him to a Recantation.
O! Should he ſing a *Palinody*,
'Twould make you clean as any Body.
On which Condition, in Brief
We'll make him Penſioner for Life.
Thus would crack'd Conſcience and Credit,
Be more effectually remeeded;

Than if you ſpent your *Gold Artillery*,
To get the Rogue into the *Pillary*:
And would more ſenſibly affect us,
Than all your *Poiſons* and *Stiletto's*.

Beſides there's nothing in 't ata,
That bears an Action in Law;
Unleſs you (itching to be at him)
Should plead a *Scandalum Magnatum*.
And to be plain 'tis hard forſooth,
To trounſe a Man for telling Truth.
And will you be ſo daft with all,
To bring him to *Weſtminſter-Hall*;
To make your ſelf a *Common Plea*,
And thereby Ruin Yea and Nay:

Or

Or muſt you Trouble the *King's-Bench*,
As oft's you kiſs a *Pocky Wench*?
Muſt others pay for your *Sculduddery*,
As once it happen'd at *Bahuddery*:
Or will you to the *Biſhop's-Court*?
Be ſure they'll ſeek no better Sport.
And ſhall a *Presbyter* appear
Before a *Prelate*? God be here!
What! Art thou grown ſo croſs and fickle,
Since your Elopement out of *Pickle*;
Thou art grown very ſoure in *Souſe*,
Since you became a *powder'd Gooſe*.
Will you be Saucy? Yes, I warran,
Becauſe you are a *Pickle Herrin*:

But

But if they hang you up Mas *Gelding*,
You may become a *Findorn Spalding*.
Now to conclude our Exhortation,
Have at an *Uſe of Conſolation*.

Uſe of Conſolation.

Tho' we be ſorry for the Action,
Yet would not add to thy Affliction:
But Brother, you have had your Day,
And in your Sun-ſhine made your Hay;
For you have got ſuch Wealth by Buſſing,
You need not call the King your Couſin.
It's the Intention, and the End,
Makes Actions good or bad, dear Friend.
Thy Meaning has been good indeed,
To propagate the *Holy Seed*.

Thy

Thy Flights to Drury and Portugal
Were to the End of *Reformation*
Thy *Poxing* and *Invalidation*
Ordained by *Predestination*.

FINIS